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All-Anniversary Number

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

WE PRESENT OUR MISSIONARIES

At this blessed season, when we are privileged to celebrate our Saviour's birth and to look forward (God willing) to another year of service to Him, we may derive fresh inspiration from a study of the lives of His faithful workers. In these pages we present the life-sketches of our missionaries, ranged in order of the length of their terms of service with us, together with some comments by our officers and friends.

—The Editor.

Published Bi-Monthly by the
AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP
for Christian Oneness and Evangelization, Inc.
15 Philipse Place Yonkers 3, N. Y.

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No. 6 1954

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CATHERINE RUTH SMITH, Editor

Mr. F. Spencer Johnson

Brother Spencer Johnson by the seaside near his home at Margate, Kent (from a recent snapshot).

Our Friend for Twenty-Five Years

How can I forget the men of God who founded this Fellowship? Dr. Orson R. Palmer made Bible prophecy a practical proposition. He was known as a friend of all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ. How could I ever forget Comrade Norman Smith? When I appealed to him out of the midst of great difficulties, in the Bible School at Radost, Poland, he was quick to help.

I well remember the meetings for Jews in the Warsaw Ghetto. Attempts were made to stop the good work, but God heard and answered prayer. Two of the slum boys later became missionaries, and one of them died a martyr. I remember Fred Stettler and Pastor Götze at Bible conferences near the Russian border. They were both excellent speakers and interpreters.

An account of experiences in France would occupy too much space here. I recall making cross-country journeys in open wagons, then sleeping on the table of the waiting-room till the 2 A.M. train arrived.

Faithful servants of God laid down their lives for Christ. Persecution came, and the noble army of martyrs was increased. In their spirit, let us arise today, and be wise in spreading the glad tidings. The great Apostle cheers us: "Forgetting the things which are behind, . . . I press on toward the goal" (Philippians 3.13,14).

F. SPENCER JOHNSON.

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Rev. and Mrs. Charles Lukesh

Our Missionaries in Czechoslovakia and Germany Since 1924 and 1927 Respectively

I was born into a Roman Catholic family, but as soon as I was free of compulsion to attend the rites of that church, I did not go there any longer. I was led to cast off all religion, even though on the registers I was still carried as a Roman Catholic. Experience has shown me that there are many such, who do not know the way out, or are too lazy to make a change, or are perhaps seeking some pecuniary advantage.

My whole desire was concentrated on getting from my native country, Bohemia, to the United States. Here again I avoided all religious pretense, but did not for a time know the way of salvation. The Lord would not let me perish, and called me in a way that I could not resist,—the hard way.

I went out hunting birds one day, and accidentally shot myself in the foot. The doctors who treated me at the hospital to which I was taken, came near making a serious matter of it. All that was necessary was a small incision in the sole of the foot, to get the shot out. In their apparent inexperience, they butchered my foot badly, and still did not remove the shot. By the third day the wound was badly inflamed, and I thank the Lord for giving me enough sense to get out of that hospital, before I was permanently crippled.

I went to room in New York City, and it happened that there was a Gospel tent nearby. I used to go there, to pass the time, being unable to walk far. I wanted to listen to the music, but the Lord made me listen to the Gospel. It was strange that no one inquired how I was getting along, or offered to help me, though it was evident that I was a foreigner, and the bandaged foot spoke for itself. Now I thank the Lord that no one offered to help me, and that I had no friends. I might have begun to look to men for help, instead of looking to God only.

It was His Word that brought about my conversion, not the pleading of the various ministers (it was a union campaign) for people to join their churches. The genuineness of the new Life within showed itself by my buying tracts to give out, as I did not yet speak enough English to give a testimony. And the test also came very soon. As I was distributing tracts on the corner of Sixth Avenue and 42nd Street, in New York City, a policeman threatened to "run me in" if I did not stop. But I merely went a block further on, and continued. That was the beginning of an active life, which I considered to be my privilege.

Later, in Texas, I augmented my activity by loaning Moody Colportage books in my neighborhood, exchanging them weekly. I belonged to a young people's society, and once I could not refrain from challenging those who knew Spanish to go among the Mexicans of that vicinity. But that proved a "boomerang" to me, as I in turn was challenged by them to go among the Czech settlers, somewhat further away. One summer's experience with them showed me the need of more preparation, so I spent a year at a certain school, but I felt a wrong spirit there, and therefore discontinued.

Toward the close of the first World War, I went to New York, intending to return to Europe as soon as the war was over. There I was challenged to enter the Missionary Training Institute at Nyack, N. Y. The brief schooling in Texas had shown me my need of more training. By taking summer courses also, I was able to graduate in 1920, even though I had to work my way through the school. I was then sent to Chile, in South America, where I found the language easy, so that I was able to have a charge in four months. There I did some pioneering on the coastal range, which suited me.

However, this proved to be merely a preparation for a different service. Reports of a great spiritual awakening in my native country, Bohemia—now called Czechoslovakia—led to my being challenged to go there. I am still thankful for that apprenticeship in Chile. It was quite a jump, from South America to Europe, but I was willing to go, the way being provided. Thus, early in 1924 I was in the new country, but found, instead of religious awakening, merely a national sentiment against the Roman Catholic Church. Many were stampeded into the new Czech National Church, which merely adopted the old ritual in the national tongue, on a God-denying basis.

Our desire being to bring souls to Christ, we bent all our endeavors in that direction, till the coming of Hitler's armies compelled us to take our first furlough. Most of that time was spent in missionary endeavor among the Czech settlers in northern Minnesota. As soon as possible, in 1946, we returned, again under the American-European Fellowship, to Czechoslovakia, only to be stopped again by the Communists in 1950. They prohibited preaching by foreigners, who could not be as easily controlled as the natives.

This again opened a new sphere of activity to us, among the refugees in Western Germany. Our former experiences have proven a good preparation for the struggle for souls, among the motley crowds, huddled together in the camps. We have to meet all sorts of newcomers, who are bent on the one idea: to emigrate, but not to Heaven! For that, as they think, there is still plenty of time. We hope it is going to be soon, and want to gather in all the souls we can, before it is too late.

The story of Mrs. Lukesh is on quite a different basis. Born in a Christian home in Pennsylvania, she was converted at the age of eight, and busied herself in various capacities, in the home circles. She sang in a quartet, taught a Sunday School class, and did other work in the church. The Lord laid on her heart the foreign mission field. But as in those days the young people were urged to stay in the home work, she delayed some time before entering the Missionary Training Institute in Nyack, N. Y., where she took the prescribed missionary course. When she was about ready for further service, a visiting missionary happened to come there, who spoke of the American-European Fellowship and its need for a helper in Czechoslovakia. There were four conditions: the new volunteer must be skilled in working with children, must have musical ability, must have a knowledge of German, and should if possible have been trained at the Nyack Missionary Training Institute. As Edna was able to satisfy all these requirements, the call was clear, and it did not take long for her to join our forces. At that time, in 1927, I had only a volunteer convert, a pensioned postoffice official, to help me, and this new addition was

a very welcome one. More than a year and a half later, Edna and I joined forces in a still closer union. We want to thank all who thus far have been instrumental in making our labors for the Lord possible, by their prayers and material help. May the Lord reward you richly in every way, and give you His joy over the saving of souls.

CHARLES and EDNA LUKESH.

Rev. and Mrs. Fred Stettler

Our Missionaries in Roumania, Poland and Switzerland Since 1926 and 1928 Respectively

I was born in 1902. My father was employed by the Swiss railways; my mother was known for her knitting and her singing. I was the first child, and she was devoted to me. After the birth of her second child, a daughter, she fell ill with tuberculosis, and after several years in various hospitals, died an incurable in a home where I often visit similar patients now.

For some three years my sister and I were brought up in the homes of strangers. Then my father remarried, and the family was together again. Father sent me to a school similar to the American high school. These were hard times, because of the first World War.

In a drawer somewhere, I found a New Testament, and some religious books, that had been left there when mother died. Someone must have given them to her as a source of comfort. At about the age of nine, I read these books, and derived a wonderful sense of joy from the reading. I began to pray, learning the prayers in the front pages of the public school books. In the evening I used to pray the Lord's Prayer, as many as eighty times over. I felt that God was near. Over a number of years I experienced a great many answers to prayer. I went to no church or Sunday School, but bit by bit I learned the Bible stories in the public schools. At home, there was rather a suspicious attitude toward religion. Prayer was not wanted. By the time I had finished school, I felt myself to be in a hungry and thirsty land, longing for the assurance of salvation.

As three doctors had hinted that I was strongly susceptible to tuberculosis, the disease from which my mother and all the members of her family had died, I felt that I should by all means try to find salvation. Because of food shortages during the first World War, I had worked as a cheese-maker.

When the war was over, and great masses of people were left without employment, I felt I should emigrate to some foreign country. Three months before my emigration, I was saved through a sermon preached by a former missionary to China, who was now teaching in a seminary. He spoke on John 1.1-5. I had previously believed in God, but had been completely ignorant about the Saviour. As soon as the Lord Jesus Christ was shown me as Creator and Saviour, I was absolutely flooded with His light. Immediately I began testifying of Him to every man. I felt that if I could only lead one soul to Christ, that would make my whole life worth-while. This early impression was the most profound that I have ever received in my life.

Emigrating to the United States, I went to the state of Wisconsin, where there are so many Swiss cheese-makers. Not knowing the language, and finding no Gospel church there, I was in great spiritual danger. I often spent whole Sundays down in the cheese-cellars praying, lest I lose my salvation among those godless and rough people. Since the cheese-making demanded work nearly every Sunday, I felt that I should leave it, to spend Sunday as the Lord's day, with God's people. For more than two years I prayed that God might lead me to other Christians, who had been saved as I was. These years were among the most difficult for my soul. Finally, through a street meeting, I was invited to a Bible church, of which I am still a member. God had fully answered my prayer.

Being near the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, I applied for entrance there, since years of prayer had turned my thoughts in that direction. After working my way through the Institute, I felt that my call was to the dispersed German settlers of Eastern Europe. After my graduation in December, 1925, I applied to the American-European Fellowship, on June 29, 1926. Pastor O. R. Palmer, that blessed man of God, and at that time head of the Fellowship, favorably considered my application, and after acceptance, I left for Roumania, arriving there at Christmas-time, 1926. Later I went to Poland where I spent some years of most fruitful ministry. Thousands of our believers are now scattered throughout the United States, Canada, Argentina, Brazil, Paraguay, and some work among the Indians.

Through the outbreak of the second World War we were compelled to leave Poland and return to Switzerland, where our work is now in its fifteenth year. We have Gospel tent work in the summer, Bible courses for the young, and evangelistic meetings, during the winter. During the last eight years, tens of thousands of believers from Eastern Europe, who have become homeless refugees, have applied to us for help. Annually some sixteen tons of food, clothing and Gospel literature go out to them. Every year we hold some 340 meetings and Bible study hours. We may well say, "Hitherto has the Lord led us," and we trust He will lead to the end.

FRED STETTLER.

It was in September, 1928, after a summer of much blessing and hard work, that I met Miss Margaret Griffith in a missionary rest home in Brooklyn, N.Y., where I had been invited for supper. We had known each other before, and she knew that the Lord wanted me in Poland. When she found out that I still had my face set toward that country, she told me that the very next day Rev. W. S. Hottel, General Secretary of the American-European Fellowship, would be in New York City for a conference with Rev. Norman J. Smith. Would I go and meet them at 156 Fifth Avenue? Perhaps it might be possible for me to sail with Jean Rhode and Grace Mott, who were to leave the United States for Europe in the following autumn.

I went the next day, had a talk with these gentlemen, and the question was settled. In it all, I felt the clear leading of God. It was a great joy to me that I could travel with Jean Rhode, who had been my roommate for four months at the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, and with dear Grace Mott, whom I learned to know as a real saint of God and a woman of prayer. During our time of preparation for the journey, and all the farewell meetings, Mr. Smith helped me in a truly fatherly way.

Our first stop was London, where we learned to know Mr. and Mrs. F. Spencer Johnson. Through their helpfulness, we visited various meetings, making the acquaintance of many of God's children in England. We had a very blessed time of fellowship there.

Three days before Christmas I reached Stuttgart, and met my loved ones. This was a great joy, but it seemed that the doors were closed for me to enter Poland. Grace and Jean were already in Warsaw, and I was still in Germany. After a while, Mr. Smith wrote: "Write to Fred Stettler; perhaps he can be of some help to you." I did write, and after a time he came to Stuttgart. I tried again to apply for a visa, got it, left Stuttgart in April, 1930, and in June we were married.

For a period of nine years we had the privilege of service in Poland, where we experienced in a wonderful way the care and help and keeping power of the Lord. Our verse for our engagement was Psalm 23.3: "He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness." This was confirmed when, in 1939, we had to leave Poland, with four young children, and settled here in Switzerland. I was frightened because we couldn't cross the border in due time. The verse was given to me: "Commit thy way unto the Lord" (Psalm 37.5). So it has been throughout all our life and service. Our experience always has been that His Word is true, and that He never fails.

MARTHA STETTLER.

Rev. and Mrs. John Kovalchuk

Our Missionaries in Poland, Carpathian Russia and Argentina Since 1926

Have you ever met anyone who had two native lands? Our natural birth took place in the old Czarist Russia, our new spiritual birth took place in the great land of America. My wife and I were both born in the western part of Russia, the so-called White Russia, near the city of Minsk; but we did not know each other there. We first became acquainted in New York, in 1915. We were nominally Russian Orthodox Christian, but we did not know God, like many others in that faith. But God in His mercy wonderfully brought us to the knowledge of His holy truth, and we were saved in 1916.

The Lord not only saved us, but called us to labor in His vineyard. I entered a Bible School in Philadelphia, where I first became acquainted with the late Rev. Norman J. Smith, and with his wife and daughter (the latter now being Secretary of our organization). My studies were interrupted by a term of service in the United States Army, from which I was honorably discharged. We then went for a time to live and work in Fort Worth, Texas, where there is a large Slavonic population. Later I became a student at the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, located near that city, where we were most kindly received and helped to continue our education. We lived there for six years, working among the Slavonic people and studying at the Seminary. I cannot describe how the Lord blessed us during that time.

After completing our work there, at which time I received the degree of Bachelor of Theology, we went for a time to work in Kansas City, Kansas. But our thoughts were centered on returning to Europe to labor there, and we petitioned the Lord to that end. Our friends of the American-European Fellowship, Rev. Norman J. Smith, Dr. W. S. Hottel, and Rev. J. B. Epp, accepted us as their missionaries, and we went to serve in the new Republic of Poland, which had been created after the first World War. With the help of Brother Smith, our visas and other documents were put in order for the journey, and at the end of August, 1926, we three—my wife, our four-year-old daughter Anna, and myself—left the shore of our dear spiritual native land, the United States of America, and returned to the old land of our natural birth.

Space does not permit us to tell of our work in the various lands of Eastern Europe, until the outbreak of the second World War forced us to flee. In a wonderful way the Lord led us to Argentina, where we have labored until the present time. The account of our more recent activities there is known to all readers of these pages. Glory be to God for all.

JOHN and MARY KOVALCHUK.

Miss Jean W. Rhode

Our Missionary in Poland and Florida Since 1927

"Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."—II Corinthians 5.17.

My first birth took place in the land of the Reformation, my second birth in the United States of America. While I was still a young child, God took my dear mother to be with Himself. I resented the loss deeply, until the time of my new birth, when I began to learn the sweetness of submission to God's will.

When my father remarried, we emi-

grated to America. I lived in Philadelphia from childhood until young womanhood. Here I went to school and was sent to Sunday School. But after confirmation my heart rebelled. The creed of the Church was insufficient to meet the need of my unhappy life. I left home upon several occasions, but was brought back by my father. Finally, when an opportunity came, I went to New York with a light opera company, and entered the theatrical world, becoming a dancer.

The time came when the love of God in Christ Jesus penetrated my cold heart, and caused me to realize my peril. I received Jesus as my personal Saviour when I heard an evangelist at a theatre meeting. It seemed to me that I was made glad, without effort on my part, for the first time in my life. "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast" (Ephesians 2.8,9).

When the opportunity came to enter the Bible Institute of Pennsylvania, my long-neglected education began. After my graduation from this wonderful Institute, the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago opened the way for my further training in preparation for foreign mission work. I realized that God was calling me to Poland, to a great Jewish field. He gave me John 15.16 to reassure me, then led me forth.

Pastor O. R. Palmer of Berachah Church in Philadelphia, who was the founder and president of the American-European Fellowship, submitted my application to the board of directors, and it was accepted. Rev. Norman J. Smith, our director, made the necessary plans for my trip, and on November 15, 1927, I sailed with two other candidates for Europe.

In spite of many trials and much affliction, God kept me in Warsaw for five years, lacking a few weeks. But illness and the shock of the murder of my co-worker, Grace E. Mott, undermined my constitution to such an extent that it became imperative for me to leave that field. God, who always does "exceeding abundantly, beyond all that we ask or think," led me to the mild climate of Florida, in 1935. Here I began my ministry of Jewish evangelism in St. Petersburg and surrounding areas. God has continued His guidance and blessing until the present day.

JEAN W. RHODE.

Dr. James Yuk

Our Medical Missionary in Czechoslovakia and Palestine Since 1927

I began my medical education at the University of Odessa, but did not continue there long. With the end of the old Czarist regime in Russia, the new Soviet government no longer permitted the education of believing students; this ruling was part of their general program of war against all religion. Professor M., who had been exiled from Russia for the defense of his faith, was at that time in Prague. I asked him if he could not help me to continue my education there. I needed a Czech visa, and funds, for I had not a penny of my own. For a long time I heard nothing from him; but later I found how active he had been on my behalf. In London, where he was working for a time, he gave a concert (he was an excellent violinist), and the proceeds were sufficient to defray the expenses of my journey from Russia to Czechoslovakia.

Here I want to speak of only two things: my conversion, and the beginning of my connection with the American-European Fellowship. There was nothing striking, however, about my conversion. The first seeds of truth began to fall into my soul when I was about ten years of age, in the elementary school, where I was learning the old Church-Slavonic language from the Gospels. Later, when I was in the seventh class in high school, I came upon the "Life of Christ" by Canon Farrar. Reading this, alone in my room, for the first time I turned to Christ in prayer. I consider this to be the moment of my conversion. The time was March, 1914. I was strengthened in my faith through reading the prophets and the Gospels.

My first contact with the Fellowship was as follows. In those last days before my departure from Odessa for Prague, I decided to use the remainder of my time in Russia to the glory of God, and so I delivered a number of lectures on Christ in the Evangelical Christian group there. At that time there was visiting in Odessa a certain American lady, Miss M., who was a close friend of Miss Margaret Griffith, the latter being at that time Field Secretary of the American-European Fellowship. Sitting among the congregation in the hall, she listened attentively, and when she returned to America, told Miss Griffith about me; and Miss Griffith told Pastor O. R. Palmer. In some way, I do not remember how, he obtained my address in Czechoslovakia, wrote to me, and asked if I would like to enter into the Fellowship family. I do not remember the exact month or day, but it was in 1927, and I think it was March.

While studying at the University of Prague, I had the opportunity to witness to the students, and later, after finishing my course, I could speak about Christ to the other doctors also. As to my work among them, and among others, I have many times described it in these pages. I must pass over many events of the intervening years, and say only that the way finally opened for me to go to Palestine (now Israel), where, in December 1937, the American-European Fellowship Clinic was first opened. There were difficulties in obtaining permission from the authorities to begin this work, in finding a suitable place, and in securing equipment. In the first ten years of its existence the Clinic treated over 150,000 cases. Destroyed in the war after those ten years of service, it has now been reestablished and continues its ministry without interruption. Elsewhere in this issue, tribute is paid to our faithful nurses. To them, to all praying and helping friends, and above all to God, we wish to express our fervent thanks.

JAMES YUK.

Known But to God

This space should be devoted to a dearly loved and honored member of our Fellowship family, who has served with us uninterruptedly since 1928. The excellent photograph and the fascinating letters which are in our files cannot be published, for this worker is behind the Iron Curtain. Trained in Philadelphia and at the Moody Bible Institute, this missionary providentially made the acquaintance of a devoted Christian couple in Philadelphia who assumed her support when, under the guidance of the Fellowship, she returned to her own country. Living in a beautiful but needy land, working in a local Church that is consecrated and full of zeal, caring for her own family and ministering to the needs of others, this beloved worker especially needs your prayers. Will you not lay down your magazine for a moment, and whisper before God (for most of you know it) the name which, in the interests of her safety, we dare not publish?

Miss Tordis Christoffersen

Our Missionary in Poland and France
Since 1933

"The Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul" (Isaiah 58.11).

In earlier issues of this magazine I have related the story of my life, my conversion, and the Lord's dealing with me. My special training as nurse and Swedish masseuse gave me great opportunities of travelling with wealthy ladies. The travel enriched my life, and also I was able to learn various languages. Then the coming to the States was of the Lord,—there was something of wonder about the way He guided me from the first. It was in His care and providence that, on my second day in New York, I was guided into a prayer-meeting where I met Mrs. Borden, Dr. White, and other Christian workers. What blessing He gave to my whole life and fresh beginning in a new country!—it cannot be told.

Soon I entered the Bible Training School of Hephzibah House, and it was there that I first became acquainted with the American-European Fellowship. There, too, I learned what prayer really is, and what it can do. Hephzibah House could truly be called a house of prayer for all nations. Although it was an overwhelming experience for me at first—those long hours of prayer—yet I came to realize clearly what power it is.

During my training at the Bible Institute of Los Angeles, and later when I lived, prayed and worked there, we always remembered the workers of the American-European Fellowship. I still recall vividly the day when the news of the murder of Miss Mott reached us. A holy hush prevailed; no one spoke; we silently waited upon the Lord. We understood what a life laid down may mean; we worshipped, and we thanked the Lord for Miss Mott, the first martyr of Biola and of the Fellowship.

Then in due time Rev. George W. Hunter, the Field Secretary of the Fellowship, came to see me. A dear friend of many years had spoken to him about me, and the possibility of my going out to Poland, to be associated with Miss Rhode in the work out of which Miss Mott had so suddenly been called. We agreed to make this an object of daily prayer. For several months we prayed, and desired only His will; and then light and assurance came. I presented my application to the Board of Directors of the Fellowship in 1933; it was accepted, and I went out to a land of deep needs and opportunities.

Then presently the dark days of the second World War were upon us, and for a time we could not even maintain contact with the Fellowship. It meant much to me when at last the restrictions were lifted, sufficiently for me to send a radiogram, announcing that I was well and working, though in need of all things; and the conditions of poverty all around me were, and continued to be, frightful.

It was in the war-years that I came to France, and here I have been for the last fifteen years; an equally dark and needy land, with so much religion, true and false, and so little life and light. But we are grateful for His appointed place, and grateful for every one of you, for your faithful prayers and support. We owe so much to you, and to the free and blessed country of America. God bless you all.

TORDIS CHRISTOFFERSEN.

Miss Emmy H. Steyrer

Our Missionary* in Austria Since 1936

"The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad." Anniversaries are times of joy and thanksgiving, and those are the emotions that fill our hearts today.

It was in December, 1922, that I came to the United States for the third time, this time to do deputation work for our mission in Vienna. I had already experienced God's wonderful leading so many times in my life, and rested on His promises as I undertook this work also.

I am Austrian by birth, and I had been a very strict member of the Catholic Church. But through a very simple message which I heard in England, I came to realize what Christ and faith in Him really meant. I came to a full surrender, and accepted Him as my Lord and Saviour, and began longing to serve him. Some years later I returned to Austria, and entered into Christian work there.

In New York, I went to see Miss Wray of the Eighth Avenue Mission, whom I knew from former visits to America, and when she heard what the purpose of my trip was, she introduced me to Rev. Norman J. Smith, of the American-European Fellowship. This was the first time that I heard of this work, in January, 1923. Mr. Smith was very kind and helpful, gave me much good advice, saw to it that many doors were opened for me, and gave me letters of introduction to people in other cities, which were of great value.

In 1924, many difficulties arose which prevented me from going back to Austria. I stayed in Chicago, went to evening school at the Moody Bible Institute, and kept in touch with the Chicago Council of the Fellowship. In 1935 I was asked if I would go to Austria to work, if the Fellowship would support me. I was only too glad to go, and I arrived in Vienna in July, 1936. I took up work with the "Volks-Mission" in Vienna, and substituted for other missionaries in Graz, Salzburg and elsewhere. In 1937 I began working in the large city institutions, hospitals, etc. During 1942 and 1943 I went regularly every week to twenty-two different camps of displaced people in Moravia and Upper Austria, holding Sunday services, and working among the women and children. Many of those people have since moved away to Western Europe and Canada; but some of them had been definitely converted, and only eternity will show how far-reaching the effects of the work have been there. All this has been made possible because the Fellowship opened the door for me to come to Austria, and to stay here all these years.

Since the end of the last war, the Moody Church, in Chicago, of which I am a member, has taken over my financial support. But I am deeply grateful to the Fellowship for starting me on the way, and for all the encouragement and help I have received and am still receiving, in the way of clothing, food packages, Bibles and literature, which have been distributed far and wide, as well as for many other precious things.

Praise be to God for all He has been doing for and through the Fellowship, and may He keep on blessing. The work in Austria is hard, but we trust that God's word in Psalm 126.3,5,6 may come true, and that one day the Fellowship will rejoice with us over the harvest which the Lord has granted.

EMMY H. STEYRER.

* Partial support.

Miss Ada Dossik and Mrs. Vera Naumenko-Ostrovsky

Our Nurses in Palestine Since 1937 and 1944 Respectively

Peace to you! The terrors of the Russian Revolution come to my mind. I was still a young girl, but I well remember the cruelty of the Bolsheviki. Our family was destined to undergo changes. My mother, who was already a widow, seemed to hear a voice from on high, saying: "Depart from this country for Palestine." With her six small children, she prepared for departure, though this was far from an easy thing. After many difficulties, we arrived in Turkey, where we spent a year, and then went to Palestine. We bought a bit of land and planted a garden, and made our home a resting-place for Christian visitors to Tel-Aviv.

In 1937, Dr. James Yuk, who had already been affiliated with the Fellowship for a number of years, came to Palestine, and opened the American-European Fellowship Clinic there. At his invitation, I began to work in it, and in fact for some years I was the only nurse there. I gave injections, applied bandages, cleansed the sore eyes of the Arab children, gave electrical treatments, and assisted the doctor with his translation work. For all of this the Lord gave the strength. Glory be to Him for everything.

ADA DOSSIK.

It is a privilege, through these pages, to greet all our Fellowship friends. But I would not write much of myself, but of Him who has redeemed me. My parents, my husband and myself emigrated from Russia to the land of Zion. Here I was left a widow, with one son, who is a fisherman in the Sea of Galilee. But it is even more blessed to be a fisherman of souls. I came to the meetings in the Clinic, where I was converted, and for the past ten years it has been my privilege to share in the work there, my specialty being the electric treatments. My heart is filled with praise to God for this opportunity of serving Him. May He bless with us all our kind friends.

VERA NAUMENKO-OSTROVSKY.

Dr. Catherine Ruth Smith

Secretary-Treasurer Since 1946

Little need be added to what our missionaries have so effectively written, in their articles prepared especially for this issue of the magazine. The memory of parents and friends, whose work we have been called to take up, is like a benediction upon us. When one has had a profound religious experience, there arises the need to translate it into action. There is a vision of the world's need, which transcends all denominational boundaries. One can only say, "Thank God for the American-European Fellowship."

CATHERINE RUTH SMITH.
(With Skeezix—Mascot Since 1949.)

Rev. Walter J. Graig

Member of the Board of Directors

Since 1949, President Since 1952

One can never think of the American-European Fellowship without thinking at the same time of the Rev. and Mrs. Norman J. Smith, who for a quarter-century gave themselves without reserve to that Fellowship. It was my rare privilege to serve as their pastor and to count them as close friends. When we look back and consider how the Lord used them to establish a mighty work for Him, our hearts are filled with joy and gratitude. God gave them tremendous natural gifts of leadership and mental ability, but the Spirit of God also gave them a deep spirit of humility and kindness and selflessness. How greatly was the love of Christ shed abroad through them! And a great host scattered throughout the world—many of whom never saw them face to face—were moved to love the Lord Jesus because Norman and Carrie Smith cared, and prayed, and endured sacrifice.

Lasting impressions are mine because of association with these Friends of God. Here were servants of the Lord Jesus Christ whose speech was the accent of the Galilean, filled with the notes of triumph from the Scriptures, and aimed at introducing the Saviour to sinners, and challenging saints to dedicate themselves afresh to God's work.

We know that, in the great economy of God, such lives never really end. God does not build individuals to be such a mighty force and influence for Him, without planning for that influence to go on after they have been called home. We watch with pride and thanksgiving the growth of the Fellowship they loved so well, under the leadership of their daughter, Dr. Catherine Ruth Smith. The parents have gone to be with the Lord, enjoying unimaginable bliss in the presence of the King.

For all the saints who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesus, be forever blest. Alleluia!

WALTER J. GRAIG.

Dr. David J. Fant

Member of the Board of Directors Since 1950, Assistant Treasurer Since 1952

On Thanksgiving Eve I participated in a dinner service at the New York Gospel Mission to the Jews. It was on Manhattan's famous East Side, in the heart of the Jewish ghetto, and had been arranged for Hebrew Christians who might otherwise be left friendless and forgotten. When it came my turn to speak, I mentioned some of God's saints who had been an inspiration and help to me, as unusual cause for thankfulness. Many of their faces still brightly adorn the walls of my memory, though they have entered the King's palace, and two of them I am sure the American-European Fellowship will enjoy recalling with me.

Dr. George H. Dowkontt, the beloved president of this organization for so many years, invited me to preach on numerous occasions at the Fulton Street Noon Prayer Meeting, from which he exercised a powerful world-wide prayer ministry. I shall never forget his faith and faithfulness, and the radiance of his Christian personality. Following his death, in order to prepare two articles for the Sunday School Times, literally on hands and knees I searched the dusty records for the story of that remarkable revival which

shook America in the middle of the nineteenth century. In these articles I was able to pay tribute to my dear friend, who was so long identified with the Fulton Street Meeting that to many of our generation he became the personification of it. A notable achievement of the Meeting, and one which reflects the true missionary-heart of Dr. Dowkontt, has been the multitude of men and women it has trained and sent forth as missionaries to the ends of the earth.

Then there was Dr. George Albert Simons, who served so long and faithfully as Assistant Treasurer of this Fellowship. Dr. Simons possessed a God-given faculty for making friends. One whom I was fortunate to meet on a number of occasions was Mr. George Seck, an interpreter on the Cunard Lines who was conversant in seven European languages. Aboard ship he was an energetic distributor of the Scriptures in many languages, and a faithful witness for Christ. But being of British citizenship, he never felt quite at home while his vessels were laid over in New York. Dr. Simons took George Seck to his heart, extended to him a home while he was in our city, and encouraged him greatly in his labors for Christ.

These two brethren, who undertook such a quiet but important personalized ministry, I happily recall as the year draws to a close. They convict me of my shortcomings, but cause me to make strong resolutions for the future.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

DAVID J. FANT.

Afterthoughts

The seventeen missionaries and other workers whose stories are featured in this issue have, all together, given a total of 355 years to the service of the American-European Fellowship, with the manifest blessing of God. Fifteen members of the second generation, also, give promise of following in their parents' ways, several of them being already engaged in full-time Christian service.

Our friends of CARE are in the midst of a food crusade. For your gift of one dollar, they will send thirty pounds of Government surplus food to an institution or a needy family abroad. Your name will be on the gift, but you may not personally designate an individual recipient.

The work has been so heavy that our holiday letters, and this issue of the magazine, are regrettably late in coming into your hands. Also, for the first time in recent history, we have omitted our customary financial charts; they seemed out of place in this little album of biographies. We will "take up the slack" in the next one or two issues of the magazine.

TINY, MIGHTY BABE,
YOUNG CHILD AGES OLD,
SMALL FOR THEE THE MANGER,
WHOM HEAVEN COULD NOT HOLD.